

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES.  
VOL. XXXIII. }

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## SEEING HIMSELF.

THE name of this little boy is Charles William Jones. His mother has left him alone on the floor for a few minutes, and he has crept up to the great mirror at one end of the room and is looking at himself. What a wonderful sight it is to the little fellow! He thinks that it is another baby, and is putting out both hands to grasp him. He will find that it is not another baby, and sometime he will learn that by looking in the glass he can see himself.

We hope that little Charles William Jones, as he grows up, will see himself very often. We do not mean that we want him to look in the glass often, but that whenever he cries, or feels cross or sulky or angry, he will see how he looks to other people. If his kind mother, who is careful to keep him dressed so nicely, will only be as careful to make him see himself whenever his acts or feelings are wrong, he will be almost sure to become a good man.

We wish that all the boys and girls who read this could see their faults as plainly as this little boy sees his face in the glass. We are sure that it would help to make them better. Robert Burns, a famous Scotch poet, says,—

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us.”

For the Dayspring.

## THE EASTER CROSS.

## FIRST VOICE.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

## SECOND VOICE.

All nature brings a tribute fair,  
Life springing out of death;  
Bright flowers and tender blades of grass  
Rejoice in spring's warm breath.  
The letter first in order we  
Shall place upon our cross is C.

## FIRST VOICE.

Joseph went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. And when Joseph had taken the body he laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.

## THIRD VOICE.

We'll decorate our Easter cross  
With garlands fresh and green,  
And tell of him who from the tomb  
Victorious was seen.  
And next beneath the C, — just here  
The H is waiting to appear.]

## FIRST VOICE.

Now the next day the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead.

## FOURTH VOICE.

For him who had not when on earth  
Whereon to lay his head,  
Twelve Roman sentinels were placed  
To guard the sacred dead.  
That no defect our cross may mar,  
I place in order letter R.



## FIRST VOICE.

Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch; go your way; make it as sure as ye can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.

## FIFTH VOICE.

The tomb was sealed; before the door  
The heavy stone was laid,  
As if in death they feared the man  
Whom living they betrayed.  
And next I bring the letter I,  
My contribution to supply.

## FIRST VOICE.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the sepulchre.

## SIXTH VOICE.

When the first rays of early morn  
Lit up the eastern sky,  
Two women towards the sepulchre,  
Weeping, in love drew nigh.  
Upon the cross that man doth bless,  
I gladly place the letter S.

## FIRST VOICE.

And they brought sweet spices that they might come and anoint him.

## SEVENTH VOICE.

They brought sweet spice and perfumes rare  
To place within the tomb  
Of him they loved, and thought to find  
Enshrined within its gloom.  
And next in order, as you see,  
Must plainly come the letter T.

## FIRST VOICE.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping.

## EIGHTH VOICE.

The sorrowing ones together walked,  
Drawn by a common loss  
Towards Christ, the Master, who had died  
Upon the uplifted cross.  
The letter H again is here,  
And asks that it may next appear.

## FIRST VOICE.

And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

## NINTH VOICE.

"But who will roll away the stone?"  
The weeping Mary said,  
"That we may see again the face  
Of our beloved dead."  
The letter A I come to bring,  
To deck our Easter offering.

## FIRST VOICE.

And behold, there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

## TENTH VOICE.

The heavy stone is rolled away,  
But Jesus is not here;  
And in his place an angel stands,  
And they are filled with fear.  
Our letters rightly to combine,  
Another S comes next in line.

## FIRST VOICE.

He was clothed in a long white garment, and his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

## ELEVENTH VOICE.

His countenance was as the light,  
His raiment like the snow;  
The features of the heavenly guest  
With heavenly radiance glow.  
And here another R would know  
If you a place for her can show.

## FIRST VOICE.

And the angel said unto the women, Fear not, for I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified.

## TWELFTH VOICE.

And straightway did the angel speak  
The reassuring word:  
"Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?  
Behold thy risen Lord."  
Again an I would ask for room,  
And with her sister letters come.

## FIRST VOICE.

He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come,  
see the place where the Lord lay.

## THIRTEENTH VOICE.

Why do ye seek the living here,  
Groping among the dead?  
He is not here; behold the place  
Where your dear Lord was laid.  
The letter S is in its place,  
The centre of our cross to grace.

## FIRST VOICE.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is  
risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before  
you into Galilee: there ye shall see him.

## FOURTEENTH VOICE.

Go ye and find his chosen twelve,  
To them the tidings bear,  
That he they left within the tomb  
No longer lieth there.  
The letter that you next will see,  
Of course must be the letter E.

## FIRST VOICE.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incor-  
ruption, and this mortal shall have put on im-  
mortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying  
that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.  
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is  
thy victory?

## FIFTEENTH VOICE.

For he has burst the bonds of death,  
Rising triumphantly,  
He robs death of his boasted sting,  
The grave of victory.  
And thus each Christian soldier true,  
Who conquers in the fight,  
And bears on earth the cross, will wear  
In heaven a crown of light.  
Symbol of Jesus' love to men  
Is made complete with letter N.  
He wears the crown, who from the night  
Brought life and immortality to light.

[A large cross may be made, trimmed with ever-  
green, with nails or hooks placed to receive the let-

ters, which may be formed of flowers, or gilt paper.  
A crown made of blue and gold should be placed at  
the top of the cross, and the letters so arranged  
that S will be in the centre, and R I on the left  
arm, with E N on the right. Below the centre the  
letters should be spread apart a little to give better  
proportion to the whole].

E. H. P.

CAMBRIDGE.

For The Dayspring.

## ABOUT DOT.



HAVE a little friend whom  
I call Dot. Her real name  
is Helen Marguerite Logan.  
When she was a wee baby,  
all the aunties and uncles,  
her grandpa, and her two grandmas came  
to see her, and of course they all thought  
her the most remarkable and the sweet-  
est baby they ever saw. It was a long  
time before they could think of any name  
half nice enough for such a darling; and  
the more they looked at her, cuddled  
up soft and warm in her little dainty  
cradle-nest, the more they were puzzled  
about a name. I don't know as she would  
have had one to this day if it had not  
been for Dot's grandpa. Whenever any-  
body proposed one, — and almost every one  
did, from Jinny, the washer-woman, and  
Tom, the chore-boy, to the minister and  
the doctor, — Grandpa wrote it down until  
he had fifty names. Then he wrote each  
one on a little slip of paper, put them all  
together in his hat, shook them up well,  
and said that the first two names he  
should draw should be given to the baby.  
And the names which Grandpa drew,  
“Helen” and “Marguerite,” mamma  
liked so well, that it was settled on the  
spot.

But for all this I never heard her called  
by these long names even once, for she was

such a mite of a girl that it was a great deal easier just to call her Dot, and so we always did and we do yet.

All this happened a long time ago; my story begins when Dot was five years old, and as bright and funny and full of mischief as a little girl could well be.

Dot's mamma had gone out to spend the day. Now it was always very dull when mamma was gone, and so when the day was about half over and grandma was sound asleep in her big arm-chair, and Biddy was busy scrubbing the kitchen floor, Dot began to look about to see what she could find to do. At first she thought she would make mud pies, but then she remembered she had on her new bronze boots, and that she had ruined her last pair in the pie trade. Then she decided to play with Matilda Ann, her big wax doll. Now, although Matilda Ann was a very accomplished young lady, and could shut her eyes and cry, she could not talk, so Dot soon got tired of that. Dot generally did get tired of every thing that didn't have talking in it, for she was a perfect little chatterbox herself.

Just then she spied a big box where mamma kept flowers and feathers and ribbons and old hats.

"B'lieve I'll be a milliner and make bonnets; I can make as nice bonnets as any one, I know," said Dot, pulling out the box.

It never took this little girl long to make up her mind, so she was soon hard at work with needle, thread, and scissors.

Very soon, too, she had one hat done, and a very funny-looking hat it was. It was made of green silk, and was one that her mamma had worn a great many years ago. She chose it because it was so large that she could put on a great deal of trimming, and when she had loaded it

with red roses and white feathers and pink ribbons, she added a crowning glory by pinning on a long blue veil to float out behind. When it was finished she was delighted, and went down and hung it on a broom handle in front of the parlor window. She said, "Somebody'll see it and come in and buy it, but I must make some more to look just like a real store."

The next one was still funnier, for it was an old picnic hat with broad brim, and Dot decorated it with enough streamers and feathers to fit out a Fourth of July procession.

But no purchasers came for the hats, though a good many people looked up and laughed when they saw the strange-looking objects at the front window of Mr. Logan's handsome house.

"Must have a sign, of course," said the busy milliner, talking to herself; "then people'll come and buy."

In mamma's writing desk she found a large card; and with much care, though not without blots, she at last produced a sign to her complete satisfaction. This was it:—

b U N I T S F O R  
S A I L

But when her window was full of bonnets and still no customers, Dot began to grow tired. She wished her Aunt Emma would come; she was always her best customer when she sold pies in the back yard; she knew she would buy a bonnet, and perhaps pay her real money. If papa were here he would be sure to order one for mamma, and — and — the little eyelids began to grow very heavy, and in



another minute Dot was sound asleep on the parlor floor.

When papa and mamma came home they were surprised that Dot did not run to meet them as usual, and still more surprised to behold the variegated adornments which fluttered and swung from the open parlor windows. When they went in they understood it all at a glance. Papa lifted his little girl very tenderly and carried her to her own little bed; and mamma keeps the sign to this day in remembrance of milliner Dot and her "bunits."

A. B. Mc.M.

#### LETTERS FROM A GRANDMOTHER.

##### IV.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I have told you in one of my letters something of articles of food, but did you ever think where your clothing came from?

*Cotton* is the most common. In my childhood we had cotton cloth from India, and English cotton, but it was not made here at all.

*Flax* was raised in the country and spun and woven by our grandmothers into linen, but never cotton. It is made from a shrub which is very abundant in warm countries and especially in South Carolina and Georgia, and most of our Southern States. A very hard, dry pod may be found when it ripens, about as large as a chestnut burr. This bursts open and the cotton peeps out. It is now to be picked by hand by gangs of negroes. But it is full of seeds, just as you see in the pods of milk-weed, the seeds all clinging to the flossy part. Then it has to be what they call ginned, — that is, put through a machine which takes out the seeds, and leaves only the cotton. It is then put under heavy pressure in coarse bags, and is

ready for market. There are a great many different grades, some much more valuable than others. Our Sea Island long staple is accounted among the best. This cotton was for a long time taken to England to be manufactured. In our late war it was almost impossible to take cotton from our Southern States, and many of the mills were quite stopped for want of material, and there was much suffering in consequence. About seventy years ago cotton factories were built here, and now, as you know, there are extensive mills in Lowell, Nashua, and many Northern towns.

*Wool* is the fleece of sheep. This, too, was not made into cloth here in manufactories until seventy years ago. It was often carded, spun, and woven in private houses before that.

*Silk* all comes from a tiny worm. The eggs are so very small that thousands of them will cover only a few inches. When hatched they are fed on mulberry leaves, and eat so rapidly that they grow as large as a common caterpillar. Then they wind themselves up on a small cocoon like what you see in the summer. These cocoons are straw-colored. They have to be collected carefully before the moth eats through them. They are put into boiling water, and the end of the silk of several together is reeled off. This is raw silk. Silk goods are extensively made in this country from the raw material. Few silk-worms are raised here, as the culture of them is better understood in France.

GRANDMAMMA.

HAPPY is he who has learned to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, wherever and whatever it may be.

## A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

WE give this month a very good picture of the famous Engle Clock, invented and made by Mr. Stephen D. Engle, of Hazleton, Pa. The following description of this wonderful piece of mechanism will be interesting to our readers :—

The lower section or base of this clock is four feet nine inches high, eight feet wide, and three feet deep. The centre of this section contains the weights and a revolving horizon, twenty-six inches in diameter, giving the apparent motion of the constellations in the Zodiac from east to west. In the centre of this dial is a six-inch terrestrial globe, which revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours, representing the Earth; and around this a smaller globe, representing the Moon, revolves in twenty-nine and one-half days, showing its position each day with reference to the Sun, Stars, and Earth. At the lower part of the dial the Stars pass behind a fixed Sun and twilight, showing what constellations are not visible at certain periods. All the machinery is visible in the centre of the dial, and the movements can be seen. This section is very elaborately ornamented with flat-fluted columns, gildings, and grotesque lion heads.

Above this lower base, in the centre, arises the clock and Apostolic tower, the lower section containing the hour-strike, time, quarter, Apostolic train, and chimes. In front of this section, at the base, on either side, are dials; the left one represents the tides, and the right one represents the seasons and inclinations of the earth's axis. In the centre between these dials is a revolving cylinder representing the day of the month. Above this is the large dial representing minutes, hours, and the

phases of the moon with revolving cylinder at the right showing the day of the week, and another at the left showing the month. Above this is an oval niche, where Youth, Prime of Life, and Old Age appear during the hour. In the right of this is an alcove which contains "Father Time," with his scythe, hour-glass, and bell, on which to strike the quarter-hour with the scythe. On the left is another alcove, containing the figure of Death, holding a thigh-bone in his right hand, and a skull to strike the hour on. Extending up the corners of this section half way, are four Corinthian fluted columns with gilt fluting and gilt capitals. Above these are four Egyptian gilt columns with lion head capitals. The top section, near the base, has an open court, and on either side and beyond in the centre, are doors where Christ and his Apostles appear, and Satan also. On either corner are two gilt columns, and on the right, at the top of the column, stands the Cock that crows. On the left is the figure of Justice with scales, which she raises during the appearance of the Apostles. Above the figures of the Saviour and Apostles is a balcony, with folding doors leading into it, where the three Marys appear. On either side of this are two windows with shutters, where Satan appears alternately with his three-pronged harpoon. Above this is a battlement roof containing a Roman soldier, who paces his beat continually, and right about faces at the end of his beat.

When the hour hand approaches the first quarter, Father Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, a bell inside the clock responding, and Youth appears. Three minutes previous to the half-hour a bell strikes, followed by the music of the organ. At the half-hour, Time again reverses his glass and strikes two on the bell, a bell inside



responding, when Youth passes and Manhood appears. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in the lower porch and one at the right of the court, and the Saviour comes walking out. Then the Apostles appear in procession, Peter in the centre and Judas in the rear. As the first one approaches the Saviour, a folding door above in the balcony opens, and the three Marys come out walking in single file and stand facing the audience. Mary, the sister of the Virgin, on the left; the Virgin Mary in the centre, and Mary Magdalene on the right viewing their friends. As the Apostles come opposite the Saviour they turn towards him, when the Saviour in return bows to them, except Peter, who turns in the opposite direction; then the cock on the right flaps his wings and crows, and Satan also appears above at the left window; then the figure of Justice raises her scales. Judas, as he advances, does not look upon the Saviour, because the Devil follows immediately after him on foot. He goes back the same way he came, and stays long enough to see that Judas is all right, then returns again for fear, and disappears to appear again above at the right window. Satan appears six times at different places. At the third quarter, Father Time strikes three with his scythe and turns his hour-glass, when three bells respond.

Then Manhood passes and Old Age comes into view. Three minutes previous to the hour the organ peals again, and as it arrives, the skeleton figure of Death strikes the number with human thigh-bone on the skull. One minute after, the procession of the Apostles again takes place; and beside these two voluntary movements, they can be produced twice on the first quarter, and twice again on the third,

making, in all, six Apostolic processions each hour.

At the right of the clock stands a second tower, four feet three inches high, built in two sections, the lower one containing an organ that plays during the Apostolic march, beautifully ornamented in front with gilded pipes. From the upper section appear two figures, Orpheus and Linus, representing Music, who appear with harp and pipes, when music is heard, and disappear as it ceases.

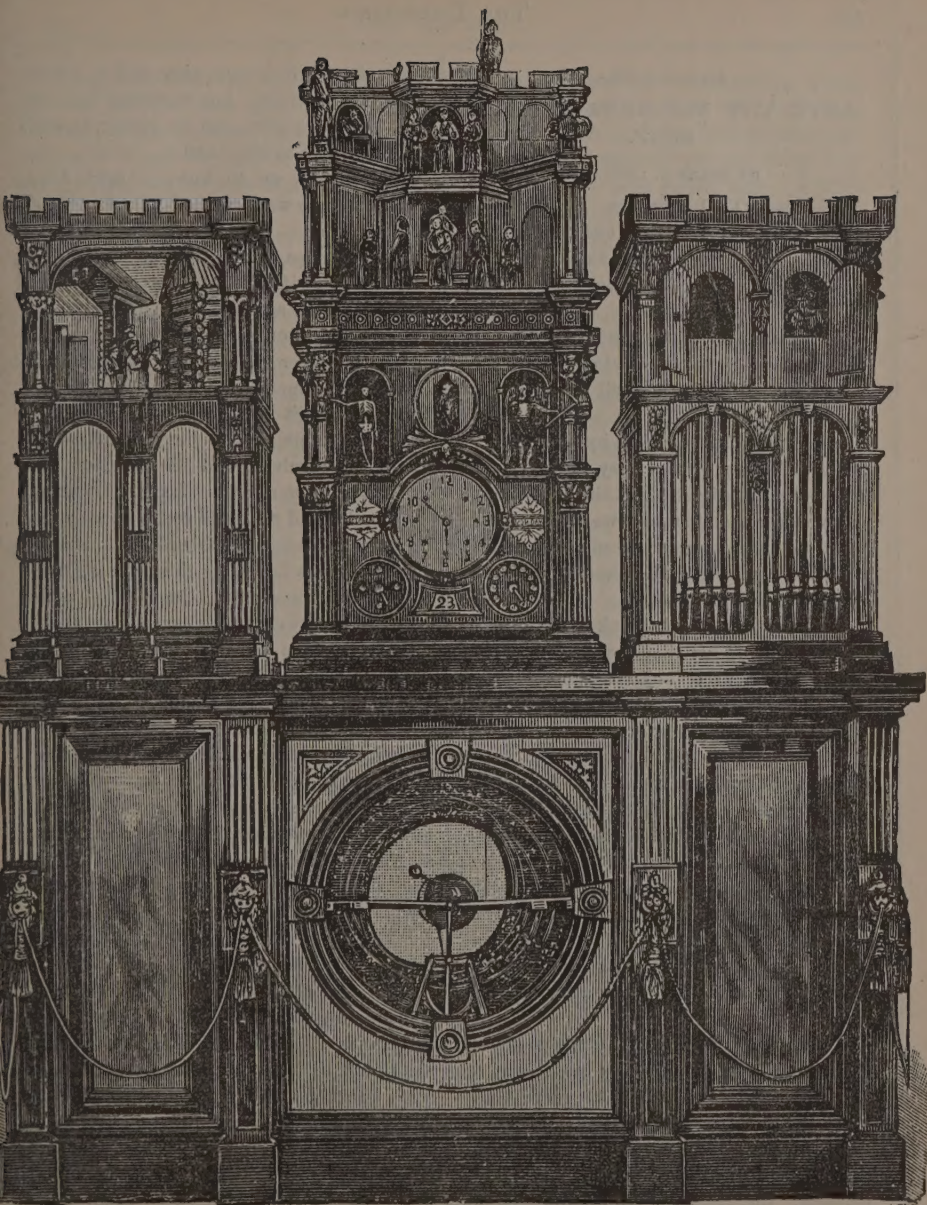
At the left stands a third tower of corresponding height, ornamented in front with gilded flutings and embellishments, containing a mechanical fife. From the upper section appear twenty life-like figures, typical of the "Spirit of '76." The background presents a woodland scene, and while the fife plays a soul-inspiring melody, the brave Continentals march boldly on to the battle of Monmouth, and Mollie Pitcher, the heroine of the American Revolution, appears bearing her memorable water-keg, turning to cheer the soldiers as she follows her husband to the field of conflict.

The clock produces forty-eight moving figures, or twenty-six more than any other clock in the world. It also operates more dials, has more wonderful mechanism, and more delicate movements.

I ENVY no quality of the mind or intellect in others, not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights.

*Sir Humphrey Davy.*





For the Dayspring.

## LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.

**G**OOD morning, Katy!" said said Allie, one bright Sunday morning, as she joined a classmate on her way to Sunday School. "This is the oddest Sunday School lesson I ever had! They never gave us anything like this where I used to go. Do tell me what your teacher meant by it."

"We were all puzzled by it at first," answered Katy, "and very likely do not understand it all yet. But she explained it to us, you remember, and we can see better what the text means the more we think about it, and bring the thought into our every-day lives."

"Well, what do you think it means?"

"It seems to me that if we do anything kind or helpful to any one, and do it as though we loved to, that it is doing as we would like to be done by, or loving the neighbor as one's-self. I'm sure you know about that, for you've been so willing to help us girls with our hard examples since you came, that we feel as well acquainted as if you'd been here all the time."

"That's because I happen to like arithmetic. Where I lived before, they had all their lessons in the Old Testament, and studied about the commandments, and sacrifices of animals on the altar, and all that."

"I suppose," said Katy, "the people in those times didn't know any better way of showing their willingness to serve God. They thought they ought to give up something of their own, very often, and those things were the most valuable they had, perhaps. But from the New Testament we

learned that it is our own selfish wishes we are to sacrifice; our work and our love that we are to give, and in giving to each other we give to the Lord."

"How are we to know," said Allie, "what people want us to do, if they don't tell us?"

"Sometimes they do tell us —"

"Yes! but if we wait to be told, it isn't doing it in the same spirit, I should think, as if we found out for ourselves."

"It is better than doing nothing at all. Then, too, sometimes we are asked to do a thing we don't happen to wish to do just then — perhaps we are busy about something for ourselves; and Miss Weston told us that if we were only willing to think so, we should find we could easily spare a few minutes to oblige the friend, and doing so cheerfully was following this same spirit of helping one another. Miss Weston is the best teacher we ever had, because she shows us how to take the real meaning of the verse right into our every-day life; she says that is where religion belongs. That is why she told us to learn our lesson, this time, by living it all through the week, and when we reported our work at our next meeting, the talking it over together would also help us to better understand it. She talks about all the little things so naturally and simply that I am all over feeling afraid to speak out."

"Did anything happen during the week, that you will have to talk about?"

"The trouble is," said Katy, "everything seems so small. Yet I know it will be so with all of us, and Miss Weston said she didn't expect any 'great deeds.'"

"I don't believe I've done a thing," said Allie, "although I did try to keep it in mind and be good in a general way, by not being bad. Brother Will is always asking me questions about his lessons when I am



studying mine, and I can't think of his and my own both at once, so I don't always answer. Then he says I'm cross. I felt just as if 't was his fault if I was, for he had no business to interrupt me; mother says it isn't good manners. Do you think I ought to give up to him every time?"

"I should try and answer when I could, but if he really kept talking so much that I could not learn my lesson, I should tell him that if he would mark the questions he wanted to ask about, then, as soon as I was through with mine, I would go all over them with him and explain what I could."

"Perhaps that would be the best way. I'll try it."

"The only thing I have to talk about," said Katy, "is that when papa went to the city, last week, he brought home a beautiful writing-desk and gave it to me. I've wanted one for ever so long, and so has Cousin Sally, who lives with us, but papa said I had made so much more improvement in writing than she had, that I deserved it most. Sally looked so disappointed that I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, and thought perhaps if she had one herself she would try harder to write neatly. So I told her she and I would have it together, and she might have half the room in it, to keep her papers, pens, &c. She was so happy in fixing it up with me that I enjoyed it more than I should have done alone."

"Well," began Allie reflectively, "there was one day I stayed at home and helped mother do the work and get the children ready for a visit to Aunt Jane's, when I wanted to go myself. It made it easier for mother, and they all had a longer day to stay. There comes Mary Drew. Good morning, Mary! We were just talking of what we had done about our Sunday School lesson. How is it with you?"

"That is what I've been puzzling about all the way here. I have only one thing that I know of, for I was sick several days this week, so I couldn't get out of my bed, and I felt very cross all the time. I tried to bear it though, and not trouble mamma, who is always so busy. I felt all the more cross at being sick, because I thought I couldn't do anything toward the Sunday lesson, as the rest of the girls would. Then when mamma helped me dress, the first day I was up again, she kissed me and said I had been so patient and gentle when she knew I was feeling sick and unhappy, that it made her glad to know her daughter could be so brave and thoughtful not to give trouble to others. Then I happened to think perhaps that had been my share of work to do. So I told mother all about it, and she said she thought it was."

"So do I," said both Katy and Allie. "I'm sure I should have been as cross as two bears!" added Katy.

Mary went on saying: "She told me I must remember it too, for people very often think, when they are trying to be particularly good, that they must do some great or uncommon piece of generosity; and they spend so much of their time looking for something large or unusual that they pass by the things which are in their way. There's Johnny Dean. He is such a rogue, I don't believe he has thought of it since Sunday. Did you, Johnny?"

"Did I what?" asked Johnny. "You say I am always doing something I ought not to."

"Did you remember about the lesson to-day, and try to help others, as the teacher told us?" asked Katy.

"Bless my eyes! so she did!" exclaimed Johnny distractedly. "Let me think —"

The girls began to laugh, but he quickly recovered himself and said: —

"Of course I did! I remember now how it was. I was thinking about it when I went home, and didn't feel very comfortable to have it on my mind. So when I met Jimmy Molloy, whose folks are as poor as they *can* be, and live, I pulled out my last ten-cent piece and asked him if he didn't want it. Of course I knew he did, and that I should have to go without peanuts Monday. He grabbed the piece of money and ran like a flash! afraid I'd change my mind, I suppose." And they all laughed, except Mary, who said quickly:—

"But you *didn't* go without peanuts Monday, for you gave some to my little brother, and they made him sick that night."

"Well," said Johnny slowly, taking off his cap and picking at the lining, "how did I know my father'd give me another ten-cent piece? I took the *risk*, you see!" and he put his hands in his pockets and tried to look demure.

"Well," said Allie, meditating, "if you didn't ask your father for it, I suppose the giving it away was the same as making up your mind to going without it."

"Why,—yes,—I asked him," said Johnny, twisting on his heel and looking off down street, "but I wasn't *sure*, you see, that he'd give it to me!" and Johnny started briskly off, when Jennie and Anna joined the girls, asking—

"What's the fun?"

"We were laughing at Johnny's way of being good," explained Mary. "We've been talking over our morning's lesson. It is your turn now. What have you to say for yourselves?"

"Oh," said Jennie, "I had a chance to help mother make up a basketful of clothes and food for a poor family, who live about a mile from our house. Mother said they were very badly off, and if I'd

carry the things she'd be very glad to help them. You ought to have seen how happy it made them, and how the old woman blessed me!"

"That was nice!" said Katy. "I suppose you made most of the things yourself."

"Oh, no! They were most all mother's things. I hadn't any thing I could spare except a calico dress I hadn't worn much,—it was *such* a homely pattern I never would, if I could help it,—so there was really a good deal of wear in it. The woman said you'd been there, Anna, so I suppose your story is about the same as mine."

"Mother sent them some things by me, I know," said Anna, "but I didn't call it anything I had done, because it wasn't my gift at all, and the walk was nothing but fun."

"Yes," interrupted Jennie, "but I could have been playing, and having a good time as I chose, if I hadn't been going there."

"I am so used to running of errands for mother," Anna answered, "that I don't mind it any; I take most all my out-door fun that way."

"You are a regular little worker," said Mary, I know that, for you're always busy when I'm at your house. You probably put something into the bundle of your own, so it was partly your present."

"Only a little shawl that I didn't need much, and it was not enough to count," said Anna.

"It was *something*," said Jennie, looking disturbed. "I thought you said your mother had been sick all the week. Who made the bread you carried there?"

"I did," Anna acknowledged, "I very often do that at home, as mother is not strong and I can knead it more. I like to."



"Then," said Allie, "I don't see but you did as much as Jenny did."

"But, girls, it wasn't my *thought*," said Anna earnestly. "I only did what mother told me to, though it was something I was very glad to do. So I can't feel as if I had given any thing or made any sacrifice. I feel so bad about it," she added sorrowfully, "for I did want to do something, very much; but I was so busy every day, I couldn't seem to see the least thing to do different from common."

Katie burst out energetically, "That's because you're thoughtful and kind all the time, and we girls have to make a special effort to be decently good! *We* should think it sacrifice enough, if our mothers were sick so much, and we had to work at home most all the time."

"But you know," said Anna, "it's only what I ought to do, and my mamma suffers so much it makes me feel as if I'd do any thing in the world to help her."

"Well," argued Katy, "that is just the spirit Miss Weston said we ought to have. So you see, dear, you've kept the spirit of the lesson all the week, while the rest of us have only had an occasional attack at it."

"I felt so unhappy about it this morning," Anna went on, "that I told mamma, and she said I must tell the teacher, from her, that I was her helpful sunbeam every day and every week. It always makes me very happy when she says so, even if I can't see why she thinks so. I suppose it is because she is my mother, and loves me. That's nothing I can speak of in the class, so I shall not say anything."

Just then Charley Harrison joined Johnny, who had kept along not far off, and said:—

"You look rather lonesome, sonny! What's the matter?"

"Girls are talking so fast, I can't keep

up, nor get in a word edgeways! So I gave them that side of the street, and I take this," remarked the small John, with a touch of disdain.

"That's a hard case for you," laughed Charley." "I suppose, by what I hear, that they're preparing for that odd lesson we're to have to-day."

Two or three of the girls said, "Yes, that's it." What account have you?"

"You're not the teacher. I'm not going to say mine till she asks me,—it's bad enough then!"

"We didn't know but we could help each other by talking it over. You're the only one of us who hasn't," replied Katy, who was generally the speaker on all occasions.

"Am I? If that's the case I've no objections. And Charley goodnaturedly began an account of himself. "I don't see as I've been uncommonly good or uncommonly bad, and there wasn't anything out of the usual run except last Monday. If it hadn't happened early in the week, I do believe I should have forgotten about the lesson. Somehow, boys don't take to being good in just that way, so much as you girls do. Aren't you afraid we'll be late?"

"Just as if he didn't know there was time enough! The bell has only now begun to ring. You want to get away from your agreement!" said Katy.

"Well, I haven't heard the rest of you," complained Charley.

"You will. But please go on, we are all interested now."

"Well," proceeded Charley, "I was on the street early Monday morning, and I saw two or three boys having a bit of a fight. I went and got them quiet enough to tell what the matter was, and found that one of those little Malloy boys, whose parents are worse than none at all, had some

way got hold of a whole ten-cent piece. He said it was his own, truly, and the others were fighting him because he'd neither stand treat nor give shares. He was going to buy some real cigars with it, he said, and he and his little brother were to learn to smoke. It occurred to me that if the family could only have a downright good meal of hearty food, perhaps they'd find out it was more nourishing than whiskey or cigars. So I asked him if he had had his breakfast. "No, *sir!*" said he, "we don't have breakfasts at our house!"

"Well," said I, "if you'll put your ten cents with some more money I have here, we'll go round to the market, and you shall carry home a jolly good breakfast, and dinner too!"

"He looked at me pretty sharp, 'Yes, likely!' said he. Come on and try it," says I, and I took his arm in mine and trotted him off. Father had just come down to the market, so I told him about it, and he took our money, giving Jimmy a big piece of meat, some potatoes, tea, and a few other things, that made his eyes shine. He went marching home with his arms full, as proud as if he were a man with a family all at once. He's a smart little fellow, after all, and father told him he would give him a trial at working in the store, if he would take his pay in groceries and meat."

"So, Johnny's ten cents turned out well in the end!" said the girls.

"What about Johnny?" asked Charley, looking from one to the other.

"The bell is just done ringing. We shall have to go in now to the class."

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A SWEET temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

KIND words are among the brightest flowers of earth. They convert the humblest home into a paradise.

### WANTED ANOTHER KIND.

A LITTLE girl went visiting at a house where there was a small baby, and was greatly pleased with it.

"O mamma!" she said, after she went home. "Mrs. Sweet's baby is *so* cute! I wish we had one at our house."

It was near Christmas, and her mother, thinking to please her, bought her a very large doll for a Christmas present.

"There, Pet!" she said, "you have been wishing for a baby; there is one for you."

"Oh," said Pet, in disgust, "I don't want that kind; I want a *meat* baby!" — *Youth's Companion*.

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### "IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

IF I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop, where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street-corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time. And you upon the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness, and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Do not wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had ten thousand dollars a year and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will; but you must stop spending your money for what you do not need, and cease squandering your time in idleness. — *The Well-Spring*.



## APRIL.

A LITTLE brown sparrow flew into a tree,  
And whistled and whistled right merrily;  
Soon a gold robin came out of the wood,  
And he commenced singing as loud as he could.

Then down in the meadow in blackest of bogs  
Was heard a great croaking from numberless frogs;  
This brought out a toad from his snug winter's hole,  
And off he went hopping beside a black mole.

The honey-bees, feeling the warmth of the sun,  
Came out of their warm honey hive one by one,  
Two butterflies balanced themselves on the wing,  
And wondered and wondered if this could be spring.

A beautiful daisy with little pink head  
Now threw off her blanket, and got out of bed;  
The sky looked so blue, and the sun shone so  
bright,  
She nodded and whispered, "I think I'm all right."

Two little gray squirrels came out of their nest,  
And chattered and gambolled as well as the rest;  
A little green snake quite as shiny as glass  
Went gliding along thro' the velvety grass.

Some geese and some ducks at a neighboring farm  
Now quacked very loudly behind the great barn,  
How welcome these noises!—what music they  
bring!  
With sunshine and gladness and beautiful spring!

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done, compared with what he might have done.

A GOOD child complained that her catechism was too hard, and seriously inquired if there were not some kittenchisms for little girls.

"I THINK your church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

## AN OPEN LETTER.

BOSTON, April, 1881.

To all children, The Children's Mission sends greeting:

DEAR FRIENDS,—When one has something to say to friends at a distance, and cannot visit them, the best way is to write them a letter. This is what Paul and the other apostles did when they had words of comfort and counsel for the people of their day and could not go to speak to them; they wrote letters, or *epistles*, and sent them by messengers to be read in the churches. The epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Corinthians, and others are only letters written from time to time to the churches in those places, when the writer could not, as he said, go to speak to them face to face.

The Children's Mission has from time to time its message to the children and to the Sunday Schools, sometimes of thanks for what they have done, and again a reminder of its needs and necessities; and as it has a word to say now which it cannot go to you to speak, it sends this letter, wishing health, prosperity, and happiness to you all.

First, about *Easter*,—the time when after the cold, dead winter comes the beautiful spring, and all nature is waking into a new life. This is the season when your hearts, filled with thanksgiving for benefits received, have been moved to make an *Easter offering* to the Mission and its children. Do not forget to do so this year; or, if this has not been your habit, will you not begin now? The *third* Sunday in this month is *Easter Sunday*; will you not on that day unite with the other children in your Sunday School in making a gift to the Mission and send it through your Superintendent to help it in its work

of love and care for the orphan and destitute?

Next, it would remind you that this month closes the *thirty-second* year of the Mission, and that on the first of May its Treasurer makes up his annual account, and would be glad to include in it some donation from every one of our Sunday Schools. Many of you contribute regularly and promptly every year, some only occasionally, and some very seldom if ever. Would you not *all* be glad to do something to help this good work, and will you not all give, even if but little?

And last, it asks you to remember always that the *Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute* is *your* mission. Men and women have their societies by which they carry on the good and benevolent work of the world, but this work of helping the poor neglected orphan and destitute children *belongs to you*. To you it has always looked for your loving aid to enable it to care for those little ones who, having no kind friends to love and shelter them, hold out their little hands begging your Mission for help. Will you not remember it and sustain it as you have done? Will you not do what you can to interest your parents and friends in it, and help it to go on doing more and more of its good work every year?

And that your reward may be that sure reward which follows every kind and unselfish act done for the good of others, and every duty well done, is the wish of

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

### EASTER SERVICE.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has published an Easter Service, prepared by Miss Almira Seymour. It is a very appropriate and beautiful one, and ought to be extensively used.

## Puzzles.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give the names of two flowers of the spring.

1. A winged serpent.
2. A girl's name.
3. A person who lives near one.
4. A kind of column.
5. A feeling of weariness.
6. A boy's name.
7. A part of the eye.
8. A variety of brass made to look like gold.
9. The fourth book of the Old Testament.

### ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters.

My 4, 2, 3, is a part of a wheel.

My 1, 5, 6, is a land mentioned in the Bible.

My 6, 2, 3, describes the sun on a cloudy day.

My 2, 6, 6, 5, is the name of a prophet.

My 1, 5, is a short answer.

My whole is the name of a mighty hunter mentioned in the Bible.

SELECTED.

### DOUBLETS.

1. Change Flame into Smoke in four links.
2. Change Wood into Fire in three links.

F. C.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

The Evening Bulletin.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Sewing Machine.

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